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The Breed and
The Pasture

BY

J. LENOIR CHAMBERS





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THE BREED AND THE PASTURE

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J. LENOIR CHAMBERS

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This little book, which
has been to me a labor
of love, I dedicate to
my children.

The Breed and the Pasture

MY BLUE MOUNTAINS ONCE MORE

TO MANY of those who are engaged in the active and exacting work of modern business life there comes a time when it seems necessary to lay down the burden, for a brief period at least, and escape to different surroundings. Under these conditions one turns to quiet places, to green woods, to lazy villages. After resisting for weeks this demand of nature for rest, I announced to my family, one hot July evening, that I was going away the next morning. Where? I didn't know and didn't much care; I only knew that I wanted to go to the mountains. I was born in the mountains, and the pictures of rest that I had recently allowed myself to draw were all surrounded by the blue haze which covers their distant sides and peaks. I recalled that the occasional glimpses of them I had caught from car windows always revived my spirits as nothing else did except

the refreshing breezes that came through these same car windows from their hazy tops.

At the station I would have to decide where I should go—but I didn't. I took a 1000-mile ticket and left the question open. It seemed just then as if I hadn't done anything but decide things since I was a boy—that responsibility which I never sought had always been thrust upon me. After all, it is the man who must say yes or no—on whom the real burden rests, and those who easily and quickly fix the dates and directions of their personal movements have generally put themselves before their work. At all events, I satisfied myself with this reflection. There was a transfer to be made, so I settled nothing when the conductor came around except my own body in a comfortable seat.

For that form of restless endeavor which comes from the habit of work and urges on the tired brain and nerves I know of nothing so soothing as a ride in a railway train, for under no other conditions can one sit so still or think so little, unless, of course, it is

one of these little trips a business man takes with a distinct object to be accomplished at the journey's end. I had no object and no destination, as yet, and so I let myself drift. I had travelled over that road many times as a boy, and the memories of those days came trooping back, carrying me to the little town in which I had spent my boyhood—a sleepy, restful place. I remembered an old hotel with a long porch surrounded by trees, and with a little low banister in front. On this porch I had seen men sit for hours and talk, and when the next conductor came around I asked him to “pull” my mileage for Evanston.

The remainder of the journey was spent in going over the scenes and incidents of thirty years before and picturing myself on that porch doing absolutely nothing, and I was more contented than I had been for a year. I fell to wondering if there would be any hack at the station, or if I should have to take that long hot walk I thought I remembered so well.

There was a hack, or rather “the bus.” A

smiling porter with a cap bearing the letters "Minnehaha Inn" took my suit case and disappeared. As there was no driver in the seat, I waited on the outside and was looking at "the bus," thinking that of all the vehicles ever constructed for the transportation of man it was the most uncomfortable.

"Rather an ancient carriage, that," said a man near by, whom I had not seen. He was dressed in a neat brown linen suit that looked as if it had been ironed many times, a panama hat of the same age and a narrow black cravat. "It came to us when the railroad was built forty years ago. Isn't that true, Jimmie?"

The question was directed to a young man with bright eyes who looked as if he might be the station agent.

"My father told me," said the young man, after a long pause, "that his grandfather built the railroad from New York to Philadelphia and that same "bus" met the first train that came in, and has been doin' business at the head of the road ever since. It got hung up

here during the war for repairs. After the surrender, Bill Hennessee, the blacksmith, wrote to New York to get a door fastening for it, and the man he wrote to said there hadn't been a "bus" factory in this country since the Mexican war. It was a curious letter that fellow wrote. He said the man who built the first one of them got his idea of a nice comfortable thing to ride in from a combination of a gun carriage with the pictures of the chariots the Egyptians used in their pursuit of the Israelites."

Turning to me with a countenance that hadn't changed in the least, he continued: "Why, wherever the Confederate veterans meet, they hire that "bus" and trot around town all day because the rattle of the windows reminds them of the battle of Seven Pines. Fact, ain't it Counsellor?" nodding towards the brown linen suit.

"Ah, Jimmie, my boy; at your old tricks again. Why, here come the Misses Mary and Alice. Aleck, we will have several pas-

sengers. I'll ride up with you myself," he told the porter.

The Misses Mary and Alice, blonde and brunette, with pink cheeks, were coming around the corner.

"Of course you are going to the Minnehaha," said the one Jimmie had called Counsellor, addressing me. "It's the pride of our town, sir."

I said, no, I intended to stop at Harbin's Hotel. The young ladies heard this and gave me a glance in which I thought I saw signs of pity. I caught a second glance, this time of inspection from the toes of my shoes upward, missing my face, apparently, certainly skipping my eyes, and resting on my hat. For the first time I remembered I had on clothes, but—they were good clothes. I somehow became conscious that there was a pause. The "bus" door was open and Aleck was apparently about to say "all aboard," but he didn't. Then one of the young ladies had business with Aleck off to the side. I heard the word Minnehaha. The counsellor did,

too, and one of the girls gave him that kind of a look which young men don't always understand but which older ones know is a summons. He joined them and there was a conference. Then they all came towards the door of "the bus." The blond young lady was saying with some animation, "I saw Mrs. Allen yesterday. She said they had a most delightful company at the Minnehaha. "Mr. Gates," to the counsellor, "speak out; do you know of a nicer little hotel anywhere?" To which question Mr. Gates replied: "It is really a charming place for one seeking a little rest and recreation,—" Before he had finished there was a whoop and a slam and a loud cracking of a whip, and then began the rehearsal of the Battle of Seven Pines.

We had scarcely gone a block when there was a sharp clang of a bell from the driver's seat, and a sudden halt. The face of Aleck, who was standing on the steps, ceased to shoot up and down to heights and depths equal to the length of his body, and he said to me,

"Did you say it were Harbin's Hotel you wanted ter go?" I nodded assent.

"Harbin's Hotel," he called out in a tone which had in it pity and despair. All the other passengers gave me another little stare, and then turned to look out of the window, except Jimmie, who smiled. We made a sharp turn, and the rattle of musketry was resumed.

When I left the "bus" at Harbin's I felt like bowing to my new made friends, but I parted from them without doing so. I knew I should see them all again very soon. The truth is I knew just what these people were thinking, as they knew, or thought they knew, I had no business stopping at Harbin's. Was I not born in that town, albeit many years before? I remembered Mr. Gates well. They called him Counsellor then, as now. He was one of the beaux of the town and "came out" year after year with the young ladies whose mothers he had escorted to dances. As for the girls, I was sure one was a Foster and the other a Williams. I even located "Jimmie" as a member of one of two families, per-

haps both. It was, therefore, no surprise that "Jimmie" discovered as I left the "bus" that he had business with the proprietor. Incidentally, he investigated the hotel register, as I knew he would, and whistled low when there was no name there. I had handed the proprietor a bill, with the statement that I would be around for a few days and had reasons for not registering.


I had come to Harbin's to sit on that porch unmolested for as many days as I felt inclined, and I didn't purpose that Jimmie or the girls or the Counsellor should spread the news of my presence to my relatives and old friends. Evanston might have changed in many respects, but not in its hospitable attitude to visitors, even though they were strangers.

My suit case was sent above, but I didn't follow. I wanted to sit on that porch with my feet on the banisters, and this I did at once. But before my eyes could follow the rugged outline of a horizon made up wholly of blue mountains, I heard footsteps approach-

ing. They were "Jimmie's," of course. I didn't have to look to that side to know that, or to go into the office a moment before to overhear a conversation with the proprietor, who knew nothing except that I had paid my bill in advance, and he couldn't tell if I was a lawyer, preacher, traveling man or special revenue officer from Washington—most likely the last named.

"Jimmie" drew up a chair ten feet away and lit his pipe.

IN THE SMOKE OF MY NEIGHBORS' PIPE

HEN Jimmie seated himself at an unobstrusive distance and lit his pipe, I knew that sooner or later we would be talking, and before he left he would find out all he wanted to know. Patience is the cardinal virtue of the dwellers in small towns, and knowledge, that is to say, satisfied curiosity, is one of the chief rewards. I wanted to smoke myself, but I knew if I but struck a match as evidence of my intention, it would give James his chance. It is one of the incidental charms of Lady Nicotine that two men will sit for hours near each other on a railway train, for instance, without any communication, and the moment they meet in the smoking room, conversation will begin. The appearance of an odd-looking character, or the passing of a mixed team, horse and ox, from the mountains, or any trivial occurrence on the sereet would give my companion his chance, but there were no such sights or sounds. A noon-day stillness had settled upon

everything except the restless aspens overhead which were kissing their thousands of little green hands to the breezes from my blue mountains—breezes and mountains that I had come there to feel and see again from this old porch. God bless and keep them both for the rest and the strength and the hope they bring to such as I, for the velvet pink and brown they have brought to so many cheeks of the youth of Evanston, for the power they have given to the nerves and brains of men and women who have gone out from these foot-hills to fill the falling ranks of those who, in cities and factories, in laboratories and counting rooms, are giving their lives to the building up of this greatest of all Republics.

It is no new thing to say that the great things of the world have been done by those who came from the hill country, and I would like to live to see the day when the grandsons and great-grandsons of those who left the Piedmont region of the South in search of the alluvial soils and rich mines of the great West,

shall return to the homes of their ancestors and grow a race the like of which has never yet been seen on this earth.

I have often heard it said that this particular town of Evanston has been known far and wide for the beauty and the charm of its women, but less was heard of the men who lived there—that while other towns had advanced in population and wealth, Evanston had changed but little, notwithstanding a most stimulating climate and a location as favorable as many others. Knowing the stock from which its people came to be of the best American type, and that there had been no lack of education of the best the Southern country then afforded, I found myself in instant pursuit of the cause, following methods which I had learned in my thirty years of business training.

Because I found the facts concerning the settlement of this community of more than usual historical interest, the degree of intelligence that prevailed much above the average in the State, and because I thought I saw that

this community really represented one of perhaps a dozen different types or modifications of a civilization that went to make up Southern life as it existed before the civil war, I decided to set down the facts as I found them, and hence the origin of the Sketches of Evans-ton.

Fortunately for the ease and comfort of the undertaking, I was old enough to have lived, or at least to have spent my boyhood days, in this community under the conditions that culminated in 1861. I knew every house of consequence in the county, and the bold outlines, if not the fine points, of each representative family, and many of the individual members. Even then as I sat on the long low porch of Harbin's Hotel by the end of which the children were passing, I was sure I could see family resemblances that were unmistakable. A young man with the high cheek bones, brown eyes and confident carriage of the Carters entered and passed into the office, but as he spoke there were the unmistakable tones of the Pinsons—the hands of Esau but

the voice of Jacob. "Jimmie" called him Carter, and a moment later the proprietor said: "Good morning, Pinson," and I knew there had been a marriage between the Carter and Pinson families.

In some respects, surely, there is more in the breed than there is in the pasture, and yet I already saw in the picture I hoped to be able to paint that it was lack of pasture and narrowness of range which had kept back development, or produced a one-sided growth, where the breed was exceptional and the climatic conditions unsurpassed.

And thus it came to pass that while I had gone to sit on the porch of Harbin's Hotel in idleness, thinking thereby to drown the voice of factory wheels and dull the keen edge of nerves which had been cutting to the quick, I found myself alive with a desire to wrestle with a problem which led into history, and the wider field of economic subjects affecting our life and growth as a state and a nation. If this town hadn't grown, why? What is growth, anyway? Surely not the mere accu-

mulation of wealth; and yet, for the lack of it, fine talents were going to waste for want of opportunity, and the greater the native strength and the more restless the energy, the more danger of discouragement, despair and dissipation. For the men there was only a limited amount of professional work, or politics, or—emigration.

With the women it was different. They had their homes and they made the best of them and of themselves. Abject poverty in the midst of wealth may coarsen and harden a woman, but universal narrowness of means but sharpen her wits and stimulates her to make herself and her home attractive. Especially is this true if she has back of her the memory of better days, and in her the consciousness of being well bred. It was a matter of common knowledge that when a young man from the outside world drifted into Evans-ton, and was fortunate enough to meet the young women of the town, which was not always easy unless he came well accredited, he was invariably fascinated, and if, as occa-

sionally did happen, he succeeded in carrying away one of them as his bride, he spent the remainder of his days wondering where and how she acquired the grace and ease of manner that enabled her to shine in the best society of the land.

With these reflections in mind, I turned to my patient companion and said, "If I am not mistaken this is Mr. Wilcox," and giving him my name, I told him frankly that I had come there for a week's rest, having been born near Evanston, and that I was sure he could tell me things of interest about the people, many of whom I had known.

He heard his own name called without showing the least sign of surprise, and listened to my explanation as if it was what he expected to find out when he took a seat near me.

"The women run this town," he said with that twinkle in his eye I had seen at the railway station. "Yes, the women run it. Was it that way when you lived here?"

I said that, come to think of it, they did handle the reins to some extent.

"In one of the churches," he went on to say, "they can't take up the collection when the river is high."

Noting my puzzled look, he paused and pulled at his pipe, and finally added, "Because the only deacon they have lives on the other side in the country, and the bridge has been washed away."

Another long pull at the pipe, and then, "You've heard about our map."

"Your map? No, I think not."

"Well, nobody I know of ever saw it, but they say there is a map which has a white spot on it that covers the town of Evanston, and it is the only white spot on the whole map of the United States."

By this time the pipe had gone out and had to be refilled and lighted, a process which, in deliberate hands, takes time. At last he drawled between his teeth: "It means that no case of consumption ever originated here. Bill Hennessee, the blacksmith, says," and there was a faint smile in the corners of his mouth as he continued, "Bill says it always

appears to him like there is more consumption around Evanston than there is production, and that's the reason everybody is so poor."

Seeing that my companion was in the mood to talk, and was painting, with the brush of a gentle satirist the very picture of the good old town that I wished to get, I was careful not to interrupt his pauses. The best listeners never interrupt a pause.

"It's hard to get anybody about here to admit that any sickness ever starts here," resumed Mr. Wilcox. "It would ruin our biggest asset. All the new folks that come to Evanston are brought here on that account. People will do strange things for health—go anywhere and drink water by the gallon if it tastes bad and smells like a drug store. When they first come, they start out to show us a thing or two about building up a town and all that, but after awhile you can't tell 'em from the rest of the folks. Two old ladies came in last year who seemed to have plenty of money, and told the preacher and the doctor they wanted to lead a very quiet life. But the

ladies all called on them, and in a week they were going out to teas and book clubs and giving teas themselves. Now they never spend a whole day at home without company. For every man that moves off to some other town, we get two women and a half a man, and so we keep a-growing some."

There was another pause, but this I began to understand was a way Mr. Wilcox had of making his paragraphs. Then again, "You saw how put out those girls were with you because you came here instead of going to the Minnehaha Inn. I figured out that you hadn't been in Evanston in a long time, or else you didn't want anybody to know you were here. Still, I knew you must know something about this town, for nobody would have told you to stop at Harbin's."

This was a new road "Jimmie" was starting out on, but I saw whither it was leading. I had surprised him when I called him Mr. Wilcox, although there was no trace of it in his face. If his curiosity on that point were satisfied, he would go on talking about

present conditions in Evanston. If not, he would begin to ply me with adroit and indirect questions, and so I told him that I had been greatly interested in tracing the family resemblances I had seen in the short time I had been there, that I had made a venture when I called him by name, and that I was sure the two young ladies belonged to the Williams and Foster families.

This statement had the desired effect of inducing him to continue to talk about his own place and people, and he straightaway began again.

I do not know how much longer my companion would have continued to talk about his town in that form of humor which combines extravagance of statement with just enough of the element of surprise to save it, but he was interrupted by the sound of the dinner bell—the tavern bell which was hung on a small tower in the rear of the dining room, and could be heard all over town. It had stood there for fifty years on the same four legs, and announced the exact hour at

which the guests of Harbin's took their three meals. A later and rival hotel built nearer the center of population, which is the same as saying nearer the court house, used a gong. The voluminous quantity and excruciating quality of noise which a jet black negro was able to extract from that insignificant piece of sheet metal, had filled my boyish soul with envy. I could remember the day when I would rather have played on that instrument than any other in this world with single exception of the steam piano of the circus.

Harbin's and that other hotel were, however, alike in one particular—a certain architectural appendage in the way of a row of one-story "offices," more or less extended according to the patronage of the hostlery, with a narrow balcony running the full length of the building. The almost universal existence of this appendage to all taverns in old towns in the South is proof of the fact that the tavern depended, in the older days, almost entirely upon the patronage of lawyers who followed the Court as it moved from county

to county. In those rooms, accessible to the street, counsel and client could meet, and hence they are to this day referred to as offices. Some of them that housed Andrew Jackson may be yet standing, for it was in this section where the impetuous, headstrong young lawyer began the practice of his profession, and in this very town of Evanston lived another distinguished lawyer with whom he fought his first duel—or rather went out to the field of honor to redress a fancied wrong, for there was no fight. His opponent, an older and more self-contained character, discharged his pistol in the air, and then turned upon Jackson and read him a lecture on his high temper and uncontrollable behavior.

I have spoken of the noon-day stillness in Evanston. This was not comparable to the stillness of the afternoon, and I recalled that it was a custom of the inhabitants, widely prevalent, to follow the habits of the residents of warmer climates, and indulge themselves in a siesta—not on Sundays alone, but every day

in the week. It is true that there was nothing in the climate of this piedmont town to justify it, but the custom had been begun when there was little need to work, and continued when there was little work to do.

That a state of undress and bodily relaxation dulled the intellectual activity of the people of Evanston there had never been any evidence. What philosophers they were, after all! If we never stop to think, we rarely think to advantage, and if so it be that our reflections lead us gently off into dreamland, our souls come back thence restored and calmed. Of what good is undigested knowledge, whether gathered from books, from observation or from close touch with men and affairs?

I had lately sat at a banquet with a man who had come as a messenger from the great center of finance to sound a note of warning to his fellows in the South. He gave them the facts—showed them the needs, but had no remedy. Later in the evening, after hearing their calm talk and looking long into their

quiet faces, he arose the second time and said, "Gentlemen, the remedy must come to the nation through you who have time to think. We of the North are too busy providing against the lightning-like changes of the hour."

A moment later, with his eyes still turned towards the faces on either side of the table, he said, as if partly talking to himself, that if he could concentrate the thought of these men gathered from the adjoining towns, the financial difficulties under which he felt the country was then struggling, could be settled on a just and equitable basis.

These and other reflections had come to me that afternoon when, following the example of the fine Romans in whose Rome I found myself, I had withdrawn my eyes from mountains and streets, my ears from the sounds of men's voices, and relaxed the strings we unconsciously keep taut to catch from every passing breeze whatever may help us in the struggles of a busy life.

A HUMAN PRODUCT OF THE HILLS



AS THE SUN drew nearer the tops of the western mountains the streets began to show some signs of life. My acquaintance of the earlier part of the day, the counsellor, dropped in, as I supposed, to discover the name and business of the stranger who chose to stop at Harbin's, but instead he came straight up to me and abased himself for not recognizing me in the morning. "Jim-mie" had spread the news.

A moment later a buggy, drawn by an ancient looking horse, stopped and a splendid specimen of mountain manhood, dressed in Norfolk jacket, alighted and tossed the lines to a small colored boy who seemed to have come up out of the ground.

As soon as the young man turned his face towards me I knew he was a son of Judge Arnold. I think I knew that by the way his mustache grew. At all events, I was sure I had made no mistake. He came forward with easy grace and confidence, and, inclining his head to my companion the "Coun-

seller," stopped in front of me, and calling my name and his own, he immediately proceeded to tell me that his father, the Judge, had commissioned him to come and bring me, bag and baggage, to their home. The same old prompt and cordial hospitality, bred in the bone of the good people of Evanston—natural and therefore irresistible! Indeed it is true that "The glory of the house is hospitality."

Four years before the time I first saw Ellison Arnold a North Carolinian had been appointed to a consulship in the Orient, and thither young Arnold, just out of college, went as assistant to the consul. It was an open port in whose harbor the ships of all nations lay anchored from year to year, vessels of trade and men-of-war. Each flag that floated in the harbor was represented in the port by consuls and vice-consuls and officers of the ships, and the English club house was the common meeting point of all. Thus it was that this tall Saxon found himself making a part of a picture composed of every type

of civilization on the globe, and set with oriental hangings.

From this distant coast the young American began to send back pen pictures of oriental life, and once the eagle had tried his wings and found them good and strong, he was not slow to seize the opportunity offered by a syndicate of newspapers for letters from the East. But before this work was well under way, there came a change of administration in the Home Office, and the visitors demanded the spoils. There was nothing to do but to hand over the consulship to the new-comers, and consul and vice-consul set sail for home. It was here I found him a few months after he landed, with plans unformed, knocking at the door of opportunity, though not persistently; for youth with health and conscious strength is careless of the future.

Shortly after I had seen him that afternoon, he was called to newspaper work, and five years later, before he was thirty-two years old, the body of this splendid specimen of physical manhood was brought back to his

native town and buried in the churchyard where the remains of his people lay. The funeral cortege which brought him back was such as might have accompanied one of the highest officials of the land.

When he came to me on the porch that evening in July he was known to one hundred or two hundred college mates as a brilliant but careless young fellow who knew no fear, and who was the brain as well as the brawn of the college football team; to all of the people of his own town as a capable and brilliant boy who might do anything or nothing, and to a few others as the writer of letters to newspapers—letters that people read without knowing why.

The day after his death, April 3rd, 1904, the newspapers were telling their readers that the most brilliant and promising writer of the Southern press had passed away. The story of his taking off was brief. He had retired to his room in a man's club, apparently in perfect health. About noon the next day they found him in the throes of death.

His newspaper work had been instantly brilliant and successful. He couldn't keep himself out of it. That's one reason everybody read his writings—old men and young women, young men and old women—and when, a year afterwards, friends and admirers gathered together some of his writings and put them in a book, they were astonished to find it was read, admired and loved by those who had not known the charm of his fine personality, nor cared for the people or things about which he wrote from day to day. They cared because he who wrote was so finely human and so well balanced himself that he detected every lack of it in human character and human actions. Thus it came about that he laughed with us at foibles, wept with us at misfortunes and enlisted our sympathies in every form of weakness.

Things out of proper relation are humorous or pathetic, and sometimes both. That which great painters, great writers and great orators do for the world, and which makes the world love them, is to separate the true

from the false, to show us what our untrained and careless eyes do not see, relying upon the great good there is in human nature to set at right the things that are wrong, and lift our souls upward to the better life.

MY AUNT



NOTE had come from my aunt saying that the news of my presence in the town had just reached her, and that one of her sons would have called to ask me to come to breakfast the next morning, but they had all left her to find work elsewhere, and the walk was a little more than she felt equal to, or she would have come in person to emphasize the desire of herself and her daughters that I should break bread in her house again. Where else in this busy Southern country does one now receive an invitation to breakfast? What leisure there is in the thought!

When I entered my aunt's house, in response to her invitation, I found her and her daughters and another kinswoman in the midst of a discussion on the subject of the return of the Jews to Jerusalem. It appeared that the newspapers had lately reported the purchase of large tracts of land in Palestine by certain rich Jews of Europe, and a lecture delivered some years before by a distinguished

Presbyterian minister on the restoration of the Jews had just been unearthed. I recall now that notwithstanding none of them had seen me for years, my entrance into the room scarcely created a ripple in the flow of animated conversation. They were talking about things, and things, as well as the people who talk about them, are far more interesting than the mere discussion of people.

I was immediately appealed to to explain a prophesy on any other theory than that this was the method by which the Kingdom was to be restored, a subject on which I felt myself to be profoundly ignorant, and on which I began immediately to hedge. But no account was apparently taken either of my ignorance or my disinclination to take sides. In fact, there was only one side, for there were the prophesies, and how were they to be gotten over? One of the young ladies had them all marked, for it seemed that the discussion had been going on for days.

Here again I was taken away from the whirl of factory wheels and the everlasting

rattle of wagons over stone pavements by a subject I had not heard mentioned in years. It was allowed to die out, only temporarily, I am sure, at the breakfast table, and after having answered the inquiries that were then made about myself and my family, I endeavored to recover my reputation, lost on the prophesies, by introducing a current topic with which I thought I was fairly familiar. I was listened to with great attention, but it soon appeared that they knew much more about it than I did, and when a little later some mention was made of recent fashions, I looked about me and discovered that every dress, albeit of the simplest material, was cut in the very latest style, and the hair of each was coiled in a manner I had just seen once on the head of a girl who returned from New York the day I left home. And when it came to the matter of the latest books, were they not all there lying around on the tables in the sitting room? Every one I had heard of and many more. Uncle John sent this, a brother another and some came from others

whose names, for well understood reasons, were not given.

My aunt was really a remarkable woman—not merely a reader, but an absorber of books. A few people possess this gift. I have heard that President Roosevelt had it in a marked degree—the power to get everything there is in a book in half the time it could be read, line by line. One of the daughters said, that day, that a young physician of the town had lately secured an exhaustive medical work, just out, on the subject of nervous diseases, and her mother had absorbed it in twenty-four hours, and at that moment she know as much about the subject as any doctor in the State. Her inclinations had run towards medicine and the neighbors sent for her before the doctor was called; but there appeared to be no subject which she did not seem to be able to master, and yet, again it appeared that for lack of opportunity such rare gifts were allowed to go to waste. I recalled that when a boy I had gone to church with her and discovered that she sang the

hymns without a book. When I asked her, in childish wonder, if she knew them all, she said no, but if her attention happened to be given to the minister as he read them, she could remember them, for the time being, at least, and what astonished me most was that, with rare modesty, she seemed to consider this no great accomplishment.

But the gift of acquirement was only one of many possessed by this unusual woman: she had all the gentleness, tenderness and instinctive penetration of her sex, combined with masculine powers of comprehension and analysis. I recall that in a conversation with her that morning she was telling me of the death and burial of Uncle Mose, a former slave of her father's, noted to her generation and mine as our greatest authority on negro folk-lore. She said that in repeating these stories to her children it occurred to her to give some study to them, to see if they threw any light on the negro character, and she had gone but a little way into the subject when it appeared that the Brer Rabbit, who figures in

nearly, if not quite all of the original stories, was the negro himself in his relation to other races. Brer Rabbit not only represented the hopes and fears of the race, but the methods born of them. He was not only not as smart as Brer Fox, nor as brave as Brer Lion, nor as strong as Brer Bear, but, in the language of the street, he generally "got there." Being the weakest of all the animals, what he got, by hook or crook, was, in the vernacular of the tales, "his'n," and there is nothing in the stories themselves to show that any questions of morality ever influenced his conduct. He seemed to prefer to win his way in the world by good humor, by humility and by fawning, but once he got the upper hand, what a consciousnessless tyrant he was! He did not seem to crave the courage, the strength, the intelligence or the other possessions of the superior animals, except in so far as these might enable him to get the whip hand. Envy, jealousy and the love of wealth seemed to have no part of the life of Brer Rabbit. What he wanted was power, which he generally used

for purposes of revenge, or at best for display in the presence of his superiors.

Now that she has passed to the great Beyond and sees face to face the truth which she sought with a power and concentration I have not seen surpassed, the picture of her that stands out boldest in my memory was made when she sat by me, after we had that talk, without a motion of her body, absolutely unconscious of the passage of time. The silence was broken by her making a quotation from a great writer, to which she gave her hearty assent, to the effect that no intelligent man or woman could consider, without diversion, for the space of two hours the claims of the Christian religion without embracing it or descending to the depths of despair.

This sitting still and gazing into vacancy: it is called absent-mindedness. Rather is it absence of bodily consciousness, and the very presence of the spirit that lies at the root of resolution, of the power that is creative, of the influence which determines which way the world shall move. The strong have it,

and it is the source of their strength. The weak may appear to have it, but with them it is only an idle dream, or the birth-hour of an elemental and unlawful passion which will carry them down before its superior strength.


The process of thought by which my aunt reached the conclusion shown by her utterance was not difficult to trace, as I recalled the experience of that morning. Of course all folk-lore, and the songs of the oppressed, and those in bondage, looked forward to the lifting of the yoke. The analogy might mean something, or nothing. It only served in this case to open up the line of thought that was extending like an electric current all over the South, fed by the serious thinkers in every part of it, but interrupted by incessant counter-currents from New England writers, and those of New England training and proclivities, who enjoy the rare distinction of being able to attend to everybody's business and make a success of their own.

Would education and Anglo-Saxon environ-

ment create in negroes a conscience and the sense of justice and charity? I was sure my aunt relied more on the Christian religion, and yet to those who like her had, all their lives, seen them dance and play, who had nursed them when they were sick, had been with them when they died, and had tried to teach them the simple truths of this religion—to these masters and mistresses only was it vouchsafed to know how often these people heard *The Call of the Jungle*.

Up to the period of which I write education had produced little more than imitative arrogance, apish superciliousness, idleness and—green goggles!

THE EXTRAORDINARY LOYALTY OF A NEGRO MAN

ELLEFORD ARNOLD, lawyer, member of the Confederate Congress, oldest son of Col. Iredell Arnold, of the most noted house in the county, a man in the prime of vigorous manhood, a counterpart in mental structure of her who has been described in these pages as "my aunt," who was his sister, had been killed in the next to the last year of the Civil War. While at home between the sessions of Congress a neighboring recruiting camp for the training and organization of a home guard was attacked by a marauding band of Unionists and deserters from the neighboring mountains, and the town itself was threatened. A group of old men and boys armed themselves with shot guns and undertook to pursue and capture them. In a skirmish which followed, Arnold was shot and died a few days later.

Being a lawyer, his own home was in the town. Twenty years before he had married,

at the State Capital, one of the most beautiful, gracious, and accomplished women of the Commonwealth, a daughter of one of the most distinguished governors it ever had. Their home was the center of the social life of Evanston, and much of the charm of it came from the exquisite tact and loving kindness of the hostess.

The widow of Welleford Arnold was thus left with five children. Thus it was throughout that long and terrible struggle that the men to whom the depleted country might look for its rebuilding were killed, and the women and children were left with land and negroes. A few months later the negroes were free and the land worthless.

Some twelve or fifteen years before his death and while sitting alone in his room in a neighboring town where he was attending a law court, Welleford Arnold was approached by a fine looking negro man who told him that his master had that day informed him that he was to be sold to pay the master's debts, but had given him the privilege of

choosing his owner. He begged Arnold to buy him, saying with a dignity and force that were impressive, that if he did he would never have cause to regret it. The change of owners was speedily effected, and this man, Rodman, was put in charge of Arnold's farm as overseer—a position usually held by white men.

In the beginning he took orders from the master. In the end, the master, being engaged with his profession and with public affairs, heard reports and approved them. When the master was killed Rodman took charge of the family's affairs, and when he was freed his relations never changed in the least. Being hampered by no traditions, he was not cast down by the conditions of the times; he used them. He was in sympathy with his master and therefore with his cause, but being a man of sense with no sentiment except loyalty to the family's interests as he understood them, he must have seen the hopelessness of the contest, and probably put away gold, or some equivalent against the evil day, for it

was known that Rodman Arnold—he retained the family name—had money to buy things with for the family and for the farm before the shrewdest men in the county had been able to acquire it. He lived in a well furnished house with his wife, who occupied the same relation to the family that he did, and neither of them associated with other negroes except in a remote and superior way. Politics never touched him, nor, apparently, religion. It was said on the one hand that if he would leave the Arnolds he would soon be a rich man. Others asserted that Mrs. Arnold and her children would find out some day that Rodman owned everything and they nothing. But Mrs. Arnold always replied, in effect, that she and they had what they wanted.

The girls were sent to the best schools in the land and often on trips of pleasure, but not before Uncle Rodman was asked about it. Schools and colleges were chosen for the boys after Uncle Rodman had said whether or not the family's income would permit of it. One after another the daughters were

married, and on each occasion he and his wife were given a prominent position in the group assembled around the bride and groom.

The extraordinary loyalty of Rodman Arnold, colored, to Mrs. Arnold continued for twenty-five years, or until her death, and to members of her family to the day this is written, more than forty years after he was a free man. It was the devotion of a subject to his queen and to her offsprings. So long as she lived her sway not only held his loyalty to her person and her interests, but controlled his private life which was exemplary as a man and a citizen. The loyalty he never lost, but it has been said that in his private life the absence of her influence has been often seen. Through her liberal remuneration and his own business ability, he has acquired a competence, and is spending his last days in comfort. Along with his own affairs he watches over certain real estate interests of the family with the eye of a lynx and the suspicion not inseparable from old age even in those born in a higher scale of existence than his.

Such an influence as Mrs. Arnold exerted over this man is given to certain rare and exquisite characters, the flower and fruit of the race. Its perfection is seen only in the white light that is reflected upon it by all who come within its radiance. She touched the rude nature of Rodman with a perfect trust in his integrity and loyalty, and the seeds of good that were in him grew and choked the tares.

It's an old story, but one the world seems slow to learn: Such faith as we have we give.

I CROSS THE BRIDGE IN THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH



MY friend Mr. Gates, the counsellor, had always lived in Evanston, content with a small law practice and apparently happy enough if he had means to procure a sufficiency of spotless linen, which was his hobby. It occurred to me that a contrast of his views on the subject that was now uppermost in my mind with those of Ellison Arnold would develop something of interest, and I asked them both why it was that it had been said that the women were superior to the men of Evanston. The counsellor, an ardent admirer of the female sex as a whole, resented the intimation and straightway began to show that there was nothing the matter with the men. "Why sir," said he, "we have furnished the State a governor, two railroad presidents, a member of Congress, a supreme court judge and the most astute politicians she could boast of. On one occasion when we were making a big fight, there was talk of nominating our three most distinguished

citizens for the Legislature, Senate and House—and the governor sent word to one of his friends to see that all of them didn't come to Raleigh at once, 'for,' said he, 'if they do, they will move the State Capitol to Evanston.' ”

Ellison Arnold said that the town of Evanston bore the same relation to the rest of the State that North Carolina had to the Union in that she furnished much of the talent that was helping to build up other sections, and he referred to the fact that two of the largest manufacturing enterprises in the State were managed by Evanston men who had actually made them what they were, and that both of these men had left their home town with scarcely enough money in their pockets to pay railroad fare.

It was shown in the course of that conversation that these two men had under their care five times as many people as there were then in the town of Evanston and the mills which they controlled absorbed more than ten per cent of the entire cotton crop of the State.

A long list was made of others who had gone away and made names for themselves in other lines of activity, but neither these two nor others with whom I talked seemed disposed to look for the cause of the existing conditions, and as it was to this that I had determined to address myself, I decided to drop the agreeable and lighter task of describing the interesting people I found about me, and go back into their history. For whatever else might be said of them, they all had one characteristic in common—the habit of being entertaining—an art it was, and is—one which it seemed to me then the people of some other parts of the State were beginning to lose, which many of those who live to the North of us have almost wholly lost. It does not go with much money nor with a busy life and does not come immediately after either. “It is a giving, not getting, and the best kind of giving, for it is the giving of a part of one’s self.”

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM IV.



ROUND the town of Evanston, a mile or more away and far below it, flows a river with a soft Indian name. On its far side the level land extends back to the foothills, at some places a mile and a half. It must be seven miles or more from the point where the stream first pours against this promontory on the west, its strength of mountain current, to that on the east where it steals away from it under cover of the overhanging green along its banks, baffled but unconquered. Across the level bottom lands on the edge of the hills stand the homes of those who owned this richly productive soil, each house having a name of its own—Mimosa, Deer Ponds, Missionary Meadows, River Side, Belmont and others more musical or less suggestive. The architecture of the oldest of these houses gives no suggestion of the Colonial style prevalent in the old Virginia homes. The men who built them had not come from Virginia. They had filtered down from the edge of New England or from

Pennsylvania or Maryland to the coast first, and thence followed the streams towards their sources in search of rich soil. Only incidentally did they seek a good climate, for with pioneers physical comfort has ever been a secondary consideration. The houses were rather suggestive of old England, in that they were, for the most part, built close to the ground and without porches. In warm weather the occupants took out the chairs and sat under the trees. The oldest, Belmont, had no passage (now known by the name of hall) through the house, but the whole of one end of the building was one large room—the old English hall, where the master formally received his guests, or held his court, if he were clothed with magisterial authority. Another, that of Deer Ponds, a more recent structure, was marked by the number of its gables—not quite “The House of Seven Gables,” but enough dormer windows to make up for the deficiency. With the single exception of Belmont, none of these old houses sat on a hill, but near the foot in proximity to

the cultivated bottom lands, and close to a stream from which the live stock could be supplied with water. The owner and builder of Belmont may have had an eye to the beauty of blue mountains, for the whole line of the Blue Ridge was visible from the elevation on which he reared his home, but it is more likely that this was due to the fact that his fields of waving wheat and corn lay in the lowlands along the two rivers that converge there and come together a half mile to the east of the house.

It was at Belmont that an incident occurred that was described to me during the early part of my stay in Evanston, by Col. Burgwyn Gardener, who married one of the daughters of the house and was the only survivor of that generation. He was a lawyer, of fine address, polished manners and emotional nature, distinguished throughout the Piedmont region. It was said that he would have been offered a judgeship but for his dramatic and almost sensational behavior in the court house. Composure of manner is often mistaken for the

judicial mind, and those who lack it are rarely given positions of honor when the choice is made by their peers.

Col. Gardener—everybody called him that, never Colonel without the Gardener—had made a profound impression upon me as a boy, chiefly, I think, because he always wore patent leather shoes and a silk hat, even during the war, and never spoke to me or any other boy. When we met him on the street the muscles of his face were undergoing such rapid changes that we thought he must either be talking to himself or doing some loud thinking, and we stumbled over stones in the streets because our eyes were fastened on his mobile face and the flash of his white teeth, until he had passed us by.

I had thought of him often during the intervening years, and particularly in connection with a remark I had heard attributed to another, who being twitted on one occasion for some high color or extravagance in dress, justified himself by saying that it was no fault of his if man had changed the ways of

nature in which the male bird always had the most brilliant plumage. In the absence of proof, I am inclined to think it was said by Col. Burgwyn Gardener.

When I met him now and he understood who I was, he grasped my arm and immediately began to speak of the incident to which I have referred.

"Did you ever hear of the remarkable occurrence connected with the death of Col. Ellison?" he said.

When I told him I did not recall it, if I had, he said that now he knew I had never heard it.

"We had all assembled around the death bed," he began. "The scene is one I will never forget. The leading man in the county, the founder of a large family (for you recall that he had fifteen children, nearly all of whom lived to the age of maturity), a fine spirit, a brave and courteous gentleman, was in extremis, and all who could be summoned were there. Even now as I try to recall the faces of these friends and companions of my

younger days, I always go back to that picture. Near the foot of the bed stood Welleford Arnold, the oldest grandson. You remember him, a young lawyer and politician who afterwards became a leading member of the Confederate Congress. He was always a favorite with his grandfather. His mother stood leaning on his shoulder, and just behind them towered the rugged features and massive head of Col. Arnold, father and husband. A shock went through the bystanders when the dying man opened wide his eyes, which seemed to summon Welleford, who bent over him. Then came the sound of a few words which none could hear except the grandson, who, turning to the assembled group, with infinite pity and tenderness in his voice, said, 'his mind seems to be wandering at the last—he says William the Fourth is dead,' and when all eyes were again turned to the bed the Master of Belmont had expired.

"Some two or three weeks later I met Welleford at the postoffice on the arrival of the stage which carried the mail, and when we

opened the papers we found the death of England's King announced as having occurred on the very day of the death of the master of Belmont. We walked together to his office in silence. There the details of the death of the King were read, including a mention of the exact hour at which his majesty expired. We made a calculation for difference in time and found it to correspond almost to the minute to the time at which Col. Ellison made the announcement to Welleford."

THE TWINS OF BELMONT

BELMONT, Deer Ponds and perhaps other of the older houses had been abandoned by the heirs of the original owners years before. The conditions of the times had carried them to the town. The last occupants of Belmont, who had lived there together for nearly two score years, were a brother and sister. They were twins, and neither of them had ever married. They maintained to the last not only the greater traditions of the household, but also its minor customs—meals at the exact hours of 6, 12 and 6, summer and winter, whether alone or with a house full of company; corn meal batter-cakes for breakfast, exactly the same in quality and appearance amid all the changes of cooks, and without a single break in a period of seventy-five years; the presence of a pack of fox hounds and beagles whose breed had not changed for a half century, and a family of cats whose ancestry was as old as that of the house; and finally in the regulations governing the keeping of the Sabbath day, which

were only surpassed in their severity by the absolute and undeviating rectitude of the daily conduct of the master and mistress.

These two owned the place and the property jointly, and whenever the smallest product of the farm was sold the proceeds were evenly divided. Each had a riding horse and a driving horse and a servant over which the other had no control. Except on funeral or wedding occasions they travelled nowhere together, because, forsooth, both might not wish to depart or return at the same hour.

When the uncle wanted the presence of a servant, he stepped to the door and gave a call which could be heard at the remotest house in the negro quarters, a good half-mile away, and the awful tone of his voice could not fail to suggest to a stranger a fixed determination to kill and quarter the luckless Tom or Caesar the moment he presented himself. But the negroes and the dogs knew better, and the cats rubbed their sides and stiffened tails against his legs and purred while yet he stood and yelled. The stranger knew better, too,

when he turned and showed a smile on his face that robbed voice and manner of every suggestion of sternness or severity.

That the attachment of the two to each other was of that close kind which may exist between twins, everyone knew, and yet it was believed that throughout their long lives together, neither had expressed it to the other. It was altogether too delicate and respectful for words, or even a caress, except that which came in the form of half concealed service. It is related that a tactless, or rudely mischievous young kinsman once said at dinner that he believed his uncle loved his aunt. There was an immediate explosion at the foot of the table and a milder sensation at the head. Both turned scarlet, and left the room by different doors. A moment later an angry and startled voice from the big hall cried out, "confound it, what are you doing here?" This was followed by a frightened little scream and the slam of two more doors, and the abandoned guests knew that in trying to avoid each other, they had met face to face.

It was afterwards learned that he spent the remainder of the day in "the office," a little house in the corner of the yard, in one room of which he kept his guns and fishing tackle and in the other, slept. He remained there smoking a pipe and unpacking a box that contained a lady's side saddle, of handsome design and finish, bought months before, and intended for a Christmas present. From the back window he held secret communication with Sam, his sister's servant, with whom it was arranged that the new saddle should be put on the back of her horse "Gramp" for the ride he knew she was to take the next morning to MacDonald's, across Deep River. She, meanwhile, sat at her window in the big house catching up some dropped stitches in a pair of warm woolen riding gloves, and watching to see when he left the office that she might slip out there and lay them on his bed.

These things, and many like them, they did from year to year for each other, and for their dependents on the farm until the brother was removed by death. The old plantation

had been left to them, and with it, most of the slaves. They cared for the slaves and the slaves worked the farm. They neither bought them nor sold them, but having them, they watched over their health and comfort, and did the best they could to improve their morals and raise their standard of living until they were all set free, and for many years thereafter.

There was another member of the family associated with the later day history of the house, a little lady whose face must have been that of a Madonna, for her life was gentle and her nature quietly but intensely religious. It is known that she kept a spotlessly clean closet, into which, following literally the Scriptural injunction, she retired many times each day to pray, and on those days on which news came to Belmont of the birth of a male child in any of the numerous branches of the family, she spent the most of that day there solemnly dedicating him to the service of the Lord for His use in the gospel ministry. Such faith as this was not seen in all Israel, for al-

though she lived many years, she never knew that a single one of them ever engaged in that great work, and, so far as I have known, no one of them has done so to this day. On the other hand, perhaps without exception, the female descendants of the family have kept the faith in spirit and in truth, taking the lead in every good work, and building no home which did not have reserved in it a prophet's chamber. Thus it would appear that even this gentle saint, full of faith, knew not what she asked, but because of the asking and of the faith, God has raised up and inspired—not public preachers of His Word, but—a widely scattered band of ministering angels, without whose Christian work and example, preaching would be foolishness, and the spread of the gospel would come to an end.

A life of ease these people led, would you say? Far from it. The enslavers were enslaved by their sense of personal responsibility. A hundred souls were dependent absolutely upon them, even for bread. In the present day we hire our servants and laborers and

when we pay them, we are accustomed to consider that our responsibility for them is discharged. Whatever personal relation may exist is cut off with the summer vacation, a change in size of the family or a desire for better or less expensive service. Oftener still the loose and fragile bond is severed by the servant who feels it less. The call of the West, the inborn spirit of the pioneer, appealed to virile and courageous spirits like Hadley Ellison, but their slaves tied them. There were iron furnaces and rolling mills about High Shoals, and cotton factories down the river, but the owners knew that these occupations were too far removed from the soil for a race but recently taken from the jungles of Africa. Once when he was yet in the prime of young manhood Hadley Ellison, with his nephew, Leslie Arnold, and one or two others, actually did break the bonds and went to California. This was in the early 50's, after gold was discovered there. Notwithstanding the same government which had permitted the slave trade to New Englanders and

allowed slave holding in the South had prohibited slavery in California, they took a few able bodied negro men with them. The property they had consisted of lands and negroes. They couldn't take the land. To sell it was to part with their patrimony, and, besides, it had but little value, being yet abundant. They didn't wish to sell negroes and put the money in their pockets for use when they got there: they took them, in spite of the fact that the moment these slaves set their feet on the soil of California they were free men. Leslie Arnold died. Many of the others were attacked with an epidemic of fever that carried off many courageous spirits that had gone there from all parts of the country, and the expedition proved a failure. Notwithstanding that their owner was dead and they were free men, the surviving slaves of Leslie and those of Hadley appealed to the latter to take them back home, and master and slaves returned and again put their necks into the yoke.

I have said that Belmont sat on a hill. But there were just such other hills around it on

all sides. The roads which led to it traversed these hills in a straight line—up one and down another. Standing at the house one saw a half mile away a red streak which rose between the fields in a line that looked almost perpendicular. Standing at the top of that hill and looking towards the house, a stranger wondered how any horse could climb it. But if he kept on his way down, his way up again seemed easier, and when he was at the very bottom, the difficulties had disappeared.

I do not suppose there is a single intelligent human being who ever traveled over long red hills but has had this sensation and felt the lesson it teaches, and yet I do not recall that it has ever been used in literature by poet or preacher. Those who go down them and climb up on the other side are stronger every time they do it. Courage is largely a question of having done the thing before, someone has written. Those who do it oftenest are the least afraid. Perhaps this is the strength of the hills “whence cometh our help.” Certainly it is true that courage grows

best on mountain sides and in the valleys between them—the kind of courage that is not afraid of difficulties, that surmounts them by going straight over them, seeking no devious paths, nor needing for its support any human shoulder-touch.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT DEER PONDS



MY FIRST—the very first—recollection of Deer Ponds was of a scene in front of the house. As I write this sentence, it occurs to me that all our first recollections are of things we saw rather than of those heard or felt, and yet I also remember that I was standing in front of a large, low window, and what I saw was seen through half-blinding tears. A dozen men were seated on horses that stood or moved restlessly in the semi-circular driveway. The doorway was filled by the ladies of the household. Remembering the scene, I also recall that I must have been told that all this stir meant a deer hunt, and that I couldn't go. I must have seen them file out of the big gate and along the side of the big red hill, disappearing around the curved road that encircled its base, but I have no recollection of anything but the picture of the men on horseback and the women at the door, until I was patted on the head and caressed by a very tall man I had been told to call grandfather—a man with rugged features and an

iron-gray hair parted on each side and roached up high in the middle of his head. What was that I heard? That we couldn't go deer hunting, but that he and Uncle Jacob and I would go to hunt bees, and I should ride the sorrel colt with a bright red blanket on it and a surcingle.

There must have been tedious delays until all the preparations could be made, but the memory of all this has faded, leaving the one bright and glorious picture of the big man riding away leading the sorrel colt, on the back of which sat a boy exultant as Cæsar or Pompey triumphantly entering Rome, while Uncle Jacob—a long-bodied, short-legged negro man—walked alongside, carrying an axe and a tin bucket—the axe to fell the tree, and the bucket to hold the honey we were sure to find in the hollow thereof.

The big, strong man who, on a holiday, laid aside care and thus sought to console a disappointed boy, was Col. Iredell Arnold, head of the house of Deer Ponds, the most influential man in the county, the host of every dis-

tinguished visitor who came to the neighboring town of Evanston on business or pleasure, president of the bank there, and leader of the best thought of the best people of the Piedmont section of the State.

A well-known writer of local history once published an account of a visit to Deer Ponds during the period of which I am writing, the decade from 1850 to 1860, in which it was said, by the way of showing the royal hospitality of the house, that the day she drove away from its gates, her driver told her that forty horses belonging to guests had been cared for in the ample stables the night before. Being incredulous, she made the count of the equipages of the visitors, and satisfied herself of the truth of the statement.

In the house at Deer Ponds—or rather the houses, for there were two of them—there were sixteen rooms. The first one was built by the original Welleford Arnold, a lawyer born in New England and descended from one of the families who had come over to join their fortunes with those of the original Puri-

tans who landed at Plymouth Rock. He had been educated at Princeton, moved South when a young man, and was for years Solicitor to the Crown in the more thickly settled portion of the State. This first house was stuccoed, and had sharp gables and dormer windows. The new one was built of red brick, and was of the square wood-box type, with enormous rooms and a passage through it that looked like a banquet hall. It was built by the present owner, Col. Iredell Arnold.

Sixteen children had been born there, ten of whom lived to maturity—big bodied, virile, alert and courageous—six sons and four daughters. The boys were all educated at the State University and the girls, for the most part, by special tutors or imported teachers employed jointly by this and other families in the town and neighborhood. Two of the daughters and two of the sons were married; the daughters having gone with their husbands to other parts of the State. One son, a lawyer, had settled in the town and another

had built a home on a farm in the neighborhood.

The house was large to meet the demand of hospitality. This demand was inspired by the desire of the owner and his family to mingle with the best thought and the best life in the land. The place was instinct with life. All guests were welcome, but none were enjoyed so much as those who brought from the outside world a new thought or were able to report a new phase or a change of trend in the political world.

Literature in the United States was still in an undeveloped state and the number of newspapers was few. Such as there were, confined their publications largely to official documents, and notable utterances of public men. A large table in the hall was always covered with the best of those then printed in America and some from England. Here the debates were held and the inside history of new movements was made known. These were stirring times in the history of the Republic, and the contest appealed to these strong men. The political

field appeared to them the only arena on which they could meet and try their strength, and the art of social intercourse which the Southerner of that day unquestionably possessed, found in such homes as this the best soil for its growth and development.

The domestic arrangements of the household were singularly free from ostentation. The furniture was simple, the table appointments wholly unobstructive but necessarily abundant, and the servants were numerous because there were many to serve. None appeared in livery of any sort, with the possible exception of the coachman, who, on Sundays, when driving the family to church, may have worn the master's last year's silk hat. Few pictures adorned the walls. The lawn in front of the house was covered with unkept grass and planted with certain trees that then seemed to be considered marks of civilization—the china berry, the mimosa, the cedar, the white pine and the locust. Perhaps the only attempt at landscape gardening effect was a circle, thirty feet or more in dia-

ameter, of tall cedars, in front of the old house through which the walk to the front door led. On the south side was a large flower garden with some evidences of design, but chiefly noticed for its abundance of roses, snow-balls, crepe myrtle, jessamine, and other flowers and shrubbery now regarded as old-fashioned. Like everything else about the place, this flower garden suggested the idea of being kept up solely for the flowers it grew and the service it rendered to the master and mistress of the place in adding to pleasure of their numerous guests.

A singular illustration of the neglect of minor personal comforts occurs to me at this moment. Between the old house and the new there was a space of six to ten feet which was spanned by a bridge a few feet above the ground. Notwithstanding both houses were in use and the passing between them was constant, this connecting bridge was not only never closed, but was not even covered with a roof.

The kitchen must have been a hundred and

fifty feet from the house. The reason for this, no doubt, was that adjoining it in the long low building was the washroom, the "weave" room, a store-room for the products of the garden and orchard, and a sewing room where the clothes for the negroes were made, and it was not desirable to have all these domestic arrangements close to the dwelling. Flying black Mercurys passed and repassed from the cook to the head-servant in the dining-room, especially on waffle days, and most days were of that kind at Deer Ponds.

The feeding and clothing of a constantly increasing number of slaves was becoming a serious problem to the master and mistress of Deer Ponds, as to many others. There were no idle rich here. The products of the farm were corn, wheat and oats, and it was all eaten up by negroes and stock. If anything was left it couldn't be sold, for it was a hundred miles to a railroad. Farming methods were crude, as they always will be where labor is cheap and abundant. The cattle that were raised on the fine grazing land in the moun-

tains, much of which Col. Arnold owned, were brought down to the plantation and slaughtered to feed the slaves. In the summer months, as I remember, they killed a beef every day and never sold a pound. Even the hide was tanned on the place and made into shoes by hand. The only source of wealth was the increase in the number or value of the slaves, and this was not available except by sale. None were ever sold. As they increased, more land had to be bought from the small farmers who then moved further up among the hills. Often a thousand acres had to be purchased to get a hundred of bottom land, which, with their methods, was the only kind they could afford to work. The situation was becoming intolerable. There were hundreds of Southern planters who would have freed their slaves but for the fact that such a course would have left them impoverished. Most of them were in debt, and their slaves were their only assets except the land, which was valueless without them. Many had moved to the cotton lands of the far South. Others, like Col. Arnold,

were held by local attachments or the high price of these cotton lands. Sir Henry Lyell, the eminent English geologist, who spent many months in Alabama as early as 1846, tells us, in his book of travels, that even in the cotton lands, many planters with whom he spent much time complained that their slaves were eating them out of house and home, and they were then threatening to move on to Texas.

On the heels of these changing conditions came the assaults of the abolitionists, which fired the South with resentment, and a peaceable disposition of the question of slavery was made impossible.

England had freed her slaves twenty-five years before at a cost to the government of \$130 each. The United States government freed them at a cost of \$700 each, with the loss of 700,000 lives!

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN



I HAVE said elsewhere that the people of Evanston had the art of being entertaining, and I find its origin here.

In the management of the affairs of the plantation, the man's business life was not apart from, but a part of that of his wife and daughters. The best development of both as social beings comes when they grow side by side in working out a common purpose. In modern American life among the educated classes the tendencies are to separate the husband and father from his wife and daughters, often by widening the field of the man and narrowing that of the woman. The wife accepts her fate, as a rule, or at most seeks to enlarge her sphere of activity by engaging in works of charity, or in clubs for mental improvement and entertainment, but the alert and restless daughter of an active man of affairs finds few opportunities for growth, and little to satisfy the yearnings of every true woman's soul to do and be something in the world. Those of rich men are often accused

of selling themselves and their wealth for a title in the monarchies of Europe, but penetrating women writers of modern fiction are beginning to show that while the traditions of the old countries appeal to the imagination of American women, they find their happiness in the enlarged fields that are offered there for participation in the management of their husbands' estates, and the building up of the fortunes of his house, when she is made to realize that it is also hers. In contrast with the impersonal and spasmodic charities she has been taught to practice, she finds the personal care and moral regulation of a neglected tenantry. In place of the aimless and desultory reading and study of a city book club, she finds need for the highest culture and best mental equipment for maintaining herself in a society where the women are the companions and co-workers of the men in the enlarged fields of statecraft and the delicate duties of diplomacy.

At Deer Ponds the women of the household took as much interest in politics as the

men, and entered into the discussions of every subject that related thereto, and it is easy to see how the art of social intercourse was developed out of the necessity to entertain the numerous guests of the house. On the lady of the house devolved also, jointly with her husband, the care of one hundred and fifty slaves—not only their physical well-being, but their moral growth and improvement.

To the seller of cattle by the penful or the car-load, the attachment of the owners to the family cow is inconceivable, and the care of yoked oxen that help us to bear our burdens is unknown. To uninstructed childhood the crack of the ringmaster's whip speaks only of cruelty to the animals in the circus ring. We know the New Englander through his persistence in writing about himself, but he never knew us, or if he did he kept that knowledge to himself, for reasons of his own. Certain it is that his readers in the growing Middle West, made up of his own descendants and of foreigners from Europe, heard nothing but the crack of the ring-master's

whip, but were never allowed to go behind the scenes for a glimpse at the tender care, the long hours of training, the unrelenting patience that even the rough people of the circus give to their animals.

Over against the most brilliant canvases painted by the most skilful artists, but servants of a cause, if not adherents of a fanaticism of a period now long past, I would set this simple sketch which, if not painted by a master's hand, shows no line that is not true; which, if not representing the whole scene, depicts no isolated phase of it, but is one among many thousands seen by sunlight and by torch-light in cabins here and elsewhere throughout the Southern States:

In the circular group of tall cedars that stood in front of the house, a temple not made with hands, sat a middle aged woman with iron gray hair and gentle face. Around her chair are grouped in respectful attitudes three score negro men and women in clean simple clothes, with a predominance of white about their black faces. On her knee rests an

open Bible, the simple truths of which she is undertaking to explain to childish minds. She is no preacher, but God has given her these simple souls to keep and train, and out there under the cedars, close to the earth, she points to the blue sky and tells them of a place of rest that comes at last to all who follow Him. And when their eyes grow heavy, she leads them off into one of those grand old hymns which carry on the wings of song the message of consolation and hope that often finds no other entrance to simple souls. Then all heads are bowed save one. On that pale up-turned face the sunlight is playing, God's smile through the rifts in the swaying cedars.

This is the forgotten woman. She did not appear in the pictures painted in the literature of the times. If she had, the man in the sombrero hat, with the long lash in his hand, would have been unnoticed, and there might have been—I had almost said there would have been—no war.

There were four million slaves in the South in 1860. Allow a hundred to the family—and

the average was nothing like so large as this—and we have forty thousand families. Cut the number in two, and twenty thousand forgotten Christian women were looking after the physical and spiritual welfare of the negro race—forgotten or unknown by her hundred thousand Christian sisters in the North, amid the shouts of the demagogue who sought to obscure the South's contention for local self-government by the cry for the abolition of Slavery; forgotten or uncoun-
ted as the spiritual force that inspired and upheld the most effective soldier that ever fought in any war; forgotten or underestimated as the power that held in check four million slaves for two years after they had been declared emancipated by the government that had authorized their enslavement, and again forgotten or unreckoned as the one uncrushed spirit in the hour of defeat—forgotten there as a Christian worker, and not reckoned as the unbreakable support of her husband's and father's right arm raised in defence of the home.

She is passing now, this woman who was

so completely forgotten or never revealed there, who is cherished here as the best product of our civilization. Men of all types bare their heads before her as they do in the presence of no one else on earth.

The finely courteous manners of the so-called "Gentlemen of the old School" were not of his making but were created by the profound respect her high-bred purity and dignity habitually commanded. She is passing, but she still stands for the best there is in Christian womanhood—the salt of the earth, the hope of our world.

To the work this forgotten woman did there is at least one unprejudiced witness who comes neither from New England nor the South. I again quote from the eminent English scientist, Sir Henry Lyell, a man who spent his life in the search for truth, the extract being from his book of travels in the Southern States in the year 1846. He says:

"Already their taskmasters have taught them to speak, with more or less accuracy, one of the noblest of languages, to shake off many superstitions, to acquire higher ideals of mor-

ality and habits of neatness and cleanliness, and have converted thousands of them to Christianity. Many have been emancipated, and the rest are gradually approaching to the condition of the ancient serfs of Europe, half a century or more before their bondage died out. All of this has been done at an enormous sacrifice of time and money; an expense indeed, which all the governments of Europe and all the Christian missionaries, whether Romanist or Protestant, could never have effected in five centuries. Even in the few states which I have already visited since I crossed the Potomac, several hundred thousand whites of all ages, among whom the children are playing by no means the least effective part, are devoting themselves with greater or less activity to these involuntary educational exertions."

But these and other things written and quoted herein are not written in defence of the institution of slavery. It was wrong, wrong, my children; but not any more wrong than that other legalized practice of buying from kidnappers and selling in the slave mark

ets that may have stood on Boston Common and certainly did stand at the foot of Wall street in the city of New York, the helpless victims of man's rapacity; not any more wrong than to sell a chattel, and when, by care or by new conditions, it became an instrument of wealth and power, to seek by force to deprive the buyer of the very instruments out of which the sellers had made the profits of barter; wrong it was and is to hold a human being in bondage, but not any more wrong than to make a free man a slave. Liberty is lost when the shackles are clasped. There could never have been negro slavery without the negro trader, and his place of residence was that on which his offspring, the Abolitionist, was born.

It is not inconceivable that the same dollar bill or silver coin that was paid to the negro trader of Boston for an African slave was again paid to publish Abolitionist literature.

I quote from no partisan source but the highest tribunal in the land, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott decision, concurred in by seven of its nine

judges, these words:

“In that portion of the United States where the labor of the negro race was found to be unsuited to the climate and unprofitable to the master, but few slaves were held at the time of the Declaration of Independence; and when the Constitution was adopted it was entirely worn out in one of them, and measures had been taken for its gradual abolition in several others. But this change had not been produced by any change of opinion in relation to this race, but because it was discovered from experience that Slave labor was unsuited to the climate and productions of these states; for some of these states, when it had ceased or nearly ceased to exist, were actually engaged in the slave trade; procuring cargoes on the coast of Africa, and transporting them for sale to those parts of the Union where their labor was found to be profitable and suited to the climate and productions. And this traffic was openly carried on, and fortunes accumulated by it, without reproach from the people of the states where they resided.”

THE SPEAKING PORTRIATS



AMONG other early recollections of scenes and incidents at Deer Ponds is that of a visit made to the house by Judge Boutwell and his daughter Francis, kins-people of the Arnolds, residents in the North. The judge and Col. Arnold were of approximately the same age—at all events belonged to the same era. Stories handed down from the other generation are still told of the curiosity and interest of the Northern relatives in all details of the management of the farm and household, and of the discussions between this man of New England stock and his Southern kinsman which took place every evening in the big hall, and often lasted far into the night.

Of these discussions there are no reports, and more's the pity, for the two men were types of the sections in which they lived, albeit branches from the same stem. Reflecting upon this fact, as I walked back and forth in the big deserted house, my footfalls resounding with the hollow, uncanny noise

that echoes from bare walls and uncarpeted floors, I came at last to the room in which the portraits had hung. I could see on the faded walls the square outlines of the frames that held the pictures of those two—Southerner and New Englander—and as I looked, their faces came back to my memory with a vividness that was startling—the one large-featured, heavy-jawed, loosely-jointed; the other plump, crisp, closely-knit and keen-eyed. And, although in quest only of facts, I was momentarily lost in fancy, and fell to wondering what these two would say if they could return and live a day in the future each had tried so hard, in this very house, fifty years ago, to foresee. With the faces before me there came also in flash light, the moving picture of the times in which they lived, that greatest crisis in the life of the Republic, the final clash of theories of government, giant spirits of the air in conflict among the confusing smoke-clouds of the approaching conflagration—all visible to men like these who stood on the

housetops, but unseen by the restless pygmies below who were kindling the fires.

Under the spell of this scene, I seemed to see the big, strong lips of the Southerner move, and to hear the deep voice utter, in the oratorical style of the period, words like this:

“In the present day the battles of the strong are waged in the marts of commerce, and in the wider plains of industrial development, with the result that, as a rule, our public men do not now always reflect in their own persons the full intellectual and moral strength of the nation, or, if strong personalities do appear, they often come with counting-house training and undertake to apply to government the principles of trade whose avowed purpose is gain; or, worse still, as personal representatives of a special group whose interests they seek to guard and subserve. An aristocracy of birth typified, in its relations to government, by the House of Lords of England, is at least free from the purely commercial principle, being measureably satisfied

with its own conditions and surroundings, or if these be unsatisfactory for lack of means to support them, seeking rather the remunerations of office than the prostitution of a governmental system to the gratification of personal wants.

"I grant you, sir, that the strength of a democracy lies in the perfect development and equal growth of each individual unit. Unquestionably the community life of New England tended to such development. The colonists were poor, and each member had to work. With a free and intelligent people the necessity to work stimulates labor-saving devices, and, hence the origin and growth of 'Yankee ingenuity.'

"Settling in communities for mutual protection, the interdependence of each individual member was quickly recognized, and the motto, 'In Union there is Strength,' had its full exemplification, if not its origin, there. Out of co-operation as a fixed principle and the habit of work grew thrift, general education and training, the savings bank, combina-

tions of capital in factories, and the other forces that go to make up commercial strength and independence. The extension of commerce and any wide spread industrial growth has been followed sooner or later the world over by the development of letters. Hence, the universities of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, and the literature that came into existence in the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

“But the same sunshine and rains from heaven which produce the flowers and fruits, ministers also to the production of the tares. With the development of a manufacturing interest, the greed of human nature demanded a protective tariff, a plant whose hidden roots extended to the remotest sections of the Republic, and drew from the products of agriculture the strength that belonged to that branch of labor. By the power of an alchemy within itself, this strength derived from the products of the soil was added to the value of the products of the factory. In the course of time the agriculturist was forced to seek other and richer fields in the south and west,



the one set resorting to the use of slave labor, and the other to the help that could be obtained from the immigrant peasantry of Europe. Left to themselves without the intervention of a protective tariff law, the growth might have been reasonably equal. By the aid of this tariff have come combinations and trusts, which, not only threaten the peace of the country, but have stimulated for their suppression the passage of laws inherently unjust, but hysterically demanded by the exigencies of a terrifying disease—laws of the nature of anaesthetics, but in no sense specifics, and as full of danger to the state as the excessive use of opiates is in the human body.

“The application of community laws and restrictions, beginning with sanitary regulations, limiting personal behavior to non-interference with the comfort or happiness of one’s neighbors—wise and necessary under the conditions of community life—led on to taxation for education, to further interference with personal conduct, to the infliction of punishments for the infraction of local ordinances

based on a narrow and provincial sentiment, harsher than those in the statute books for the suppression of crime; and, finally undertaking to impose on the aggregation of States, prohibitions and requirements affecting the right of local self-government more tyrannical than those which the Pilgrim Fathers themselves fled from England to escape.

“It will, therefore, appear that while the New England idea and the New England methods tended to produce and distribute wealth and general education, which are the objects of Democracy and constitute its plea for existence, this idea and these methods led on to a limitation of individual liberty and to vesting the State and the general government with royal powers and paternal functions. A man may become rich and intelligent, but he loses the very power, riches and intelligence give when he falls at the feet of Mammon or sacrifices a principle of justice for a theory of convenience. Commercialism made New England, but she fell a victim to its inquisitorial and sumptuary methods in

seeking to embody in the laws of the land the rules of the factory and store."

The result of the conflict both these men had foreseen was not witnessed by this old-time Southerner. He had sent into it four sons, all of whom were officers. One fell at the head of his regiment in the battle of the Wilderness. A faithful slave brought from another a blood-stained paper scrawled on the Gettysburg battle field, with the words: "Tell my father I fell with my face to the enemy." When still another, Welleford Arnold, the eldest of the five, was slain near his own home by a marauding band of Unionists and deserters, as already described in these sketches, the brave old spirit sickened and died, but made no sign.

His kinsman, Judge Boutwell, survived the struggle and, after the cessation of hostilities, gave clean clothes and money for transportation to another of the sons returning from the prison on Johnson's Island.

Turning towards the wall on which the New Englander's picture had hung I seemed to

hear him speak, in clear tones and with the sharp contrasts lawyers are trained to make in stating a case, his brief analysis as follows:

“Plantation life tended by its isolation to develop independence, by its responsibilities, strength and self-reliance, and by its leisure, fixed principles for the building up of individual character, and for draping itself with the refinements of culture. Undoubtedly the inevitable result of such influences is the production of a refined social order and a high class of citizenship.

“The instinct of the race for the betterment of its condition leads it to look for its leaders among the intelligent and refined, and the history of the Republic shows that it was from among this class came those who nurtured it in the trying period of its adolescence. But they failed when the life of the Republic became more complex. Personal liberty and non-interference on the part of the government found here all the conditions for their growth, but individualism does not meet the demands of a commercial and manufacturing

people. The give and take of community life is essential to its growth. The one exalted the individual and left him to work out his own salvation. The other magnified the state and relied upon the power of co-operation. The one nurtured a class out of which grew fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, but it neglected the development of that other class which was unable to work out its own salvation. The other took from the richer in taxes and gave to the poorer the education and the training that utilized the talent of all for the enrichment of the State as a whole. The one conception was aristocratic and the other was democratic.

“If democracy has its dangers, demanding for its control a stronger government and paternal care, aristocracy has demonstrated its weakness since the days of Greece and Rome, wherever called upon to deal with the complexities of an enlarged national life or to resist the onslaught of an inferior race, inured to the hardships of toil.

“I gladly admit the bucolic charm of the

plantation life of the South and the high spirit and patriotism of its men and women to whom the nation owes an everlasting debt of gratitude. But the peculiar conditions of climate and soil induced the use of slavery which touched its vital point and introduced a poison that narrowed the vision of its leaders and colored their outlook on national questions. Before its effects were seen, the thinking men of the South had applied to the art of manufacturing and commerce that breadth of view and largeness of conception which a life of comparative leisure and a contact with broad acres may inspire. But the line of least resistance was followed. Wealth came through slave labor, and with it, self indulgence and absorption in the extension of agriculture. Manufacturing interests were allowed to languish, being obscured by the alluring possibilities of the single crop of cotton, grown only in a comparatively small area of the then known South, and demanded by the entire world.

“When the centre of the sphere of influence

in national affairs was shifted from Virginia to the far South by the spreading out of enterprising and active planters over the alluvial soil of that region, the nature of that influence was changed. Smooth stones lie easily together, but the rugged and uneven characters that plantation life had developed could only be formed into a solid concrete by a powerful cement. In the beginning it was a fine patriotism developed out of British aggression and a common pride in the construction of a Republic, whose failure the old world everywhere predicted. In the end it was a mixture of the doctrine of state's rights, and a self interest, forming an amalgam more powerful in its cohesive quality than any elemental influence or theory of government recognized in that period of our history. But it was not a mere solid wall of defense that was thus created. It was a live influence stirred into activity by the strength of its individual elements, and already trained to the exercise of power in the affairs of government, and stimulated by the love of a social system full of

the charms of a patriarchal mode of life.

“Southerners made a gallant fight of aggression to extend their theories, but they fell before the increasing weakness of their system from within; they fell before the growing strength of those who not only made our curry-combs and our blacking-brushes, raising the art of manufacturing almost to a science, but who also wrote our books; they fell before the force of those who had followed Thomas Carlyle’s gospel of work a century before it was enunciated; they fell before the slow moral awakening to the inherent wrong of slavery. They might have stood in spite of the neglect of the laws that control national growth; but they could not stand against these and an eternal moral principle recognized in every civilized country, except the one which stood for freedom.”

This is what these men in the portraits might have said, bringing with them the memories of the times in which they lived, but it is not what they would say if they had continued to live to this day. They would have

seen, as it has been given to their descendants to see, that the policy of protection combined with "Yankee ingenuity" has constructed a machine so voracious and so magnetic that it has drawn into its insatiable maw the most virile blood of the land, so powerful that no hand has been found strong enough to guide it or snatch from under its crushing wheels those who may stand in its path; that strong and weak are relative terms, and those who feared the tyranny of a central government, because of its strength, are now beginning to realize that it is barely strong enough to control the different groups seeking the mastery, one over the other, in the mines of dazzling wealth our combined efforts have uncovered; that the laws of political economy actually no longer appear to apply to the conditions that confront our law-makers; and no one man nor group of men seem to have combined the ability and unselfish patriotism to even devise a scheme of finance that will meet the demands of the times; that the members of the two great

political parties are unable to agree among themselves on any definite policies, and, as a result, it is no longer a question with the individual as to which one he shall attach himself, but which one has for its candidates for office men who seem to be best fitted to deal with the chaotic conditions and lead us out into clear daylight.

On the other hand, they would have seen, as it has been given to their descendants to see, that in spite of this apparent confusion in governmental affairs, the individual man was never so strong in intelligence, opportunity was never so great, the brotherhood of man never so universally recognized, and that the fruits of the gospel of work are ripening into the triumphs of man over nature, and the adaptation of her powers to his growth and development.

Clasping hands, they would have agreed that as from the loins of a king only may a king come to rule over a monarchy, so true Democracy must create the man who shall control its tempestuous upheavals, and if it

fail in this, it will fail in its mission. It will not fail, but the longer the delay in his coming, the greater will be the wrench to the nation. He will not come to destroy by revolution, but to save from anarchy. He will not prate about lawlessness as some scribes and pharisees do, but uproot and expose its cause which will often be found in the injustice of the laws themselves. He will not fail to discover that old statutes obscured by their very closeness to our eyes, are in their very essence inequitable. He will show that those who stand in fear of an overwhelming growth of socialism have themselves prepared the soil for the germination of its seeds by the laws they have made for their own convenience and comfort. He will admit that liberty of conscience is absolutely necessary to human growth and human happiness, but liberty of action must often be curtailed that license may be restrained. He will show that it is not liberty we need, for that we have, but justice, and that the only way to find it is to get all the facts; it is the scientific way;

it is the only true way; it is God's way, for He Himself can be absolutely just only because His knowledge is perfect.

Where will he come from, this product of two hundred years of democracy, of a thousand years of struggle for justice, this man who will be a type of the hundreds of others to whom we may entrust our governmental affairs? Who shall say that he will not come from a town that did not grow? One thing may with safety be predicted—that he will be of Anglo-Saxon breed and environment—this man of courage, of strength and of unlimited capacity for service.

AN OLD BREED IN NEW PASTURES

LURED by the haze of my blue mountains, I climb them, and from the porch of a cottage built on one of the peaks visible from some of the streets and house-tops of Evanston, I can see back against another range a group of brownish green fields, in the midst of which the houses of the old town appear. The haze that was here is there now, but I see them because I know where to look, and I know where to look because I was born there. No true story of any people was even told or written by an alien, as no song of Italy ever came true from the larynx of a Norseman. The haze which is there hides from him everything except the fire works, and distance deadens every sound but those of the nature of explosions.

From this mountain peak, and through the haze of the ten years intervening between the first sketch and the last, I ask you to look now at the last. The people are no longer visible at this distance; we see only the outlines of things, bristling facts, results, and per-

haps among these some sort of answer to a question or two that may have been suggested by those that have already been shown.

Here is one which stands out boldly, around which several others seem to be grouped:

The day that President Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves became effective, which was the day of the surrender of Lee's army at Appomatox, there was not enough money in Evanston and the surrounding county to buy the freedmen one meal of corn-bread and bacon, and not enough clothes in the stores to cover their bodies with a single garment.

Financial panics, with their Black Fridays, hysteria and suicides, are but passing incidents, the full tide and the recession in the affairs of men, alongside of a catastrophe like this. The call to arms had not been louder than the appeal to sell everything and give to the support of the new government. Nor did this appeal meet with a response less ready or less universal. All of this was lost when the government fell.

Even the flood which lays bare the land does not always destroy the treasure of its people, and earthquake and fire are confined to limited areas bordered by friendly neighbors able to redeem the remnants, to buy the labor of the destitute and open the door of opportunity to all.

A less courageous or self-reliant people would have despaired, but there were no suicides, and, above all, no whining. Neither was expected from those who had the hardihood to enter upon a war without a treasury, and who undertook to fight without a battleship or a transport, without guns enough to equip the volunteer fighting force, and without a gun factory or a powder mill south of the Mason and Dixon's line. For this we would call them foolish now; they were considered foolish then by those who stopped to count the cost, but by this sign every martyr is a fool and every sacrifice a folly.

Despair and hopelessness do not come to those who know or have learned how to en-

dure. They are the heritage of pensioners and dependants.

Here is another bristling fact that stands out in spite of the haze: More than three billions of dollars have been paid out in pensions throughout the North and West to those who fought on the side of the Union. To appreciate what this means, one has but to remember that it would give fifty dollars to every man, woman and child in the country at the time of the distribution of this sum, as the average population of the United States in the past forty years is below sixty millions. But since practically one-third of the population is Southern and received nothing, the other two-thirds received seventy-five dollars per head. Then again, since the average date of payment of something like half of this was twenty years ago, the recipients have had the use of this fund for that period. Money invested at a low rate of interest doubles itself in that time. But this is not all: The dollar that was paid twenty to forty years ago had several times the purchasing power

it has today and brought double the interest. Not a single one of these dollars came to the town of Evanston. On the contrary, its people, with those of hundreds of towns and a thousand counties in the Southern States having no protected industries, paid it in tariff and internal revenue taxes, and got nothing in return.

The amount they would have received on an equal apportionment, to say nothing of what they paid, would have cancelled a thousand debts, filled the county with the best agricultural implements and endowed its schools, even as it has done in the sections where it was distributed. But this is one kind of growth that never came to the town of Evanston. They had never been receivers of the Government's tips or beneficiaries under a system in which an itching palm is extended for a reward that has not been earned, and still believe that the care of a cripple is a duty of the State, and the nurture of an orphan a privilege of the strong, but the support of the pensioner—now become a beggar

on horseback—to the third and fourth generation of them that lost a leg, is an injustice to every American citizen and an injury to American citizenship.

There was no lawful money in Evanston and the surrounding county, but there was still some meat in the smokehouses and some corn in the cribs. These the freedmen must have, or starve. A crop-sharing arrangement was quickly entered into by which the owners of the meat and bread, and also the land, advanced the food until another crop could be made, and supplied the implements and such stock as the invading army had not taken, consisting for the most part of the lame, the halt and the blind. It was an emergency measure, but time offered no relief. Neither party to the arrangement could escape, unprofitable to the land owner as it was, and unsatisfactory as it appeared to the black man who wanted some visible evidence of his freedom and independence. In lieu of these he adopted the petty methods of disobedience to orders, frequent absences and

other forms of annoyance known to a serving class, but rarely insolence. Of the part played in the encouragement in these methods by the agents of the Freedman's Bureau, I say nothing, as I am not writing general or political history.

If the black man was becoming a burden as a slave, he was felt to be an incubus now, after ten years of freedom. The sale or division of the farms was out of the question. Neither the landlord nor the freedmen had accumulated a surplus. It would be a tribute to the time-honored pursuit of agriculture that it afforded even a subsistence to the population under conditions of operation which would bankrupt two-thirds of the manufacturing enterprises of the country to-day, but for the unremembered fact that such subsistence was obtained at the expense of the land which was becoming exhausted and was gradually abandoned for new ground cleared from the abundant forests. If we ask for an explanation of the broomsedge fields of the South, it is found here. The

new ground where the crops are made is further back from the highways and the railroads.

And so it was that nobody grew but the boys and girls, but while they grew Evanston and other towns similarly situated fell one generation behind in the growth of the country at large, just as hundreds of the thriving towns in any vast territory of our country to-day would stop growth for a generation if every factory should be deprived of its tools, every store of its goods, every individual of every dollar he possessed, so that even the abandoned factory and the empty store could not be sold for any sum, however small.

Here was a problem for statesmen, which like many others, was solved first by the people. The process was slow, but so are all the processes of nature that are constructive. It was also quiet—so quiet that it escaped the notice of historians, and those who were there did not see it. I asked the man of fifty years of age who sat by me on the porch of the mountain cottage, who had when a boy

roamed with me over the brownish green fields we both could now see, and sounded the depths and shoals of the river that encircles them. He said he didn't know.

"You were there" I said "when the land and the tools began to wear out and when the stock had run down. What did you do?"

"I went to work," was the prompt reply.

"And your brothers and sisters?"

"We all worked."

I did not ask him what followed, for this I knew. The breed was there, but the pasture being poor, he had sought other fields, and to the new work of manufacturing he brought the strength of a powerful body and that gameness in the blood that carried him to the head of a vast enterprise. In the prosperous town where he now lives a stone church has been built as a memorial to his mother and father and in gratitude for the strength of body and soul they had given him.

It had fallen in his way, along with his mammoth undertakings in other parts of the country, to reorganize and enlarge one of the

enterprises that had been started in the town of Evanston through the activity of its leading citizens, and I could see that its growth gave him more satisfaction than any other with which he was connected. He was helping to keep open the door of opportunity to the boys and girls of his native town—the town that did not grow, but is growing now because it is able to keep both its boys and girls at home. He did not know how the growth began, as he could not have told him he forged to the head of the leading industry in the State. He would have only said that he kept on working. But it was such men as he who showed that there were resources in forests and streams as well as in the farm, and that the factory and the farm grow best when alongside of each other, both contributing to make commerce, and all to the utilization of every form of talent—to growth for all, because the pastures are new and abundant.

The passage from one form of civilization old as feudalism, to another whose basic principle was widely different, was long and rough,

the crew was of mixed nationalities and those of a kind were not all of the same class—a disfranchised ex-slave holder, an enfranchised ex-slave and the small farmer or merchant or mechanic who had not been able to acquire slaves—aristocrat, freedman and democrat—culture and intelligence, ignorance and incapacity, strong yeomanry in sympathy with aristocracy and prejudiced against freedmen—all in one boat acting under general orders from the central government at Washington still dazed by the heat and excitement of the struggle, the cause of which was never fully comprehended, suspicious of an enemy never understood, bent upon the enforcement of the one manifest result which was the enfranchisement of the slave.

The social problems were difficult enough, but would have found a solution had they not been complicated by political questions. The navigation of the ship naturally fell into the hands of the old masters. There was mutiny of course and harsh measures had to be resorted to. Those who by training and

native strength took command, being agreed that there are some few things dearer than life, permitted harsh measures, ordered them, and then threw themselves into the breach between two races to ward off collision. Reports of discipline, called lawlessness on land, reached unfriendly shores, always; those of the courage, the kindness and the sacrifices rarely did. Punishment was allowed to fall on individuals to preserve the peace of the ship, but the old masters stood between to prevent annihilation. They are still standing between, and there will be no collision, at least not now, and not at all, unless the status of the crew is not fixed before the commanding but kindly eye of the last of them is closed.

When we come to set up a standard of American citizenship—and surely we should some day have a standard—when we come to select here and there all the qualities that go to make up a man, it will be discovered that many of them had already been combined in him. It has been said that he has lost the larger outlook upon our National life. If he

has, it was because he reorganized the broader principle that Government is made for man and not man for Government.

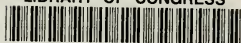


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